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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Municipal Defeatism

What, in the critical days of the World War, was the influence that brought civilization near to the abyss? Defeatism.

What, in these critical first days of the municipal campaign, is the influence chiefly dangerous? Defeatism once more.

Foch was right when he declared that the side would win that believed in itself during the last fifteen minutes. So was Clemenceau when he left Paris to climb in and out of the trenches. So was Joffre when he plead for even one American flag on the battle front to revive drooping hopes. All France was right when it took defeatism by the throat and throttled it.

Hylanism, born of the union of Tammany and Hearst and inheriting the qualities of both parents, can be overcome even as Kaiserism was. To doubt this is to indict our people. Between now and November the simple issue, now somewhat obscured, can be made clear to all. Who is warranted in questioning the result? Faith does move mountains. The will to victory brings it.

If among those who have assumed the responsibility of direction is a single person who thinks so meanly of the power of truth that his heart is trembling or his feathers are white let him instantly retire. Pessimists spread infection. The head shakers, if they don't resign, should be escorted to the door.

Hylanism is concretely expressed by doubled taxes, by a starved school system, by the creeping paralysis that afflicts the whole city government. Can we beat this thing? Of course we can.

Hylanism, back of its symptoms, is a foul spirit. Its nourishment is grafting selfishness, its weapon a sinister demagogy that cynically avows that multitudes are easily fooled. It is an appetite that chews its food loudly and wastes no time in cleansing its lips with napkins. It insults the general intelligence by pretending it is opposed to special interests. Can we beat this thing? Of course we can.

Hylanism, besides its special offenses and its malignant spirit represents the tradition that the way to rule New York is to rob it. For a hundred years the municipal problem has been whether or not the victims of Tammany should submit or throw off the yoke. Unchangeable Tammany has never reformed. But for twenty years now it has lost more often than it has won. Can we whip it again? We can.

Education, though not yet complete, has brought results. Time was when Tammany relied on clubs and brickbats to subdue its critics. Then it was forced to turn to stuffing ballot boxes. Then it bought votes with money blackjacked from criminals and protected corporations. Now its method is that which is called honest graft. Does not the public know that the object in view has always been and now is the same? It does.

But the new defeatism is most perniciously active. It pretends to think efforts are of no use. In fluttering cowardice it would run away from manly labor. It chills those who are eager to respond to the clear call of the cause. It burrows and seeks to disintegrate the hope of those who, in full confidence, are once more ready to serve.

We don't know the motives of those timid surrenderers. They may be disguised Tammany agents or merely morally weak and inadequate. The source of their fears is of no consequence. It is enough to see that they aid the enemy.

In the leadership of the coalition is no place for defeatism—for any who throw down their arms in advance and bleat that New York has no option but to resign itself to four more years of Hylanism.

Scarcely Handsome

The Senators who have been quizzing Secretary Mellon concerning the foreign debt question will scarcely be proud, on second thoughts, of the spirit they have disclosed.

Their interrogatories seem to have been directed toward stimulating the suspicion that some sort of effort is afoot to cheat the United States. In view of the way the debt was created and the purposes for which it was spent, this, to say the least, is not handsome. The Secretary's attitude seems the more creditable and the more likely to be regarded as an expression of broad and generous Americanism.

Secretary Mellon has spoken of moral obligations resting on this country. This may now be inflaming to some who resent importing into the discussion anything except the bare fact that we lent the money and who hold Europe must repay every farthing or give a pound of flesh closest to her heart. Nevertheless, the special circumstances that existed when the debt arose must soon or late be given some weight. Not even members of the Senate Finance Committee can keep them altogether in the background and out of thought.

Sniping

The World, pretending to resent the charge of The Philadelphia Ledger that as to the disarmament issue it is "muddying the waters of good will" and "blocking the road and sniping at the Administration," gives it additional basis by reiterating that the President is making it difficult to reach an understanding. It oracularly announces that if the armament question is settled first the Pacific question will be more easy. It thus assumes that when neighbor nations have no disputes they are then more likely to arm against one another.

Time was when our contemporary did not argue in exactly this manner. Mr. Wilson, it will be recalled, made no arrangement for disarmament. When the lack was noted and criticized The World responded: "Don't you see that by first removing the causes for war Mr. Wilson has made disarmament inevitable? Why worry or talk about it? It will come of itself, for arming is the result of suspicion, and with suspicion gone no nation will waste billions on rusting military establishments."

The objection to this Wilson procedure, which The World so stoutly defended, was to its lack of balance. It overvalued the influence of proper agreements and practically ignored the disarmament phase of the peace problem.

Mr. Harding allows for both factors. To limit armament will at least lighten tax burdens, and the settling of specific disputes, his common sense tells him, will lessen the danger of using armament. He sees no reason why the two labors cannot be carried on together, and our neighbor so far has scarcely developed a convincing argument establishing his error.

A Tariff's Two Purposes

So far as the net economic effect of many of its rates are concerned the Fordney permanent tariff act is a good deal of a leap in the dark. We have an emergency tariff law in operation and a law of that sort is appropriate, because this is an emergency period.

But concerning the future, until we know more definitely what our economic relations to the rest of the world are to be, specific rate-making must be experimental. It would be taking large risks to assume, as Mr. Fordney seems to have done, that the main purpose of a tariff in 1921 is the mere exclusion of competing foreign commodities.

Yet it is but fair to recognize that the Fordney measure has exceilent features. For example, it revives the reciprocity or trading principle, first originally written into the McKinley tariff. This principle received no recognition in the tariff bill of 1890 as it passed the House of Representatives. But after Secretary Blaine had visited the Senate Finance Committee and smashed his silk hat on the consultation table Congress decided to tie up protection with trading. It was Mr. Blaine's idea that a tariff should be made an instrument for stimulating our export trade as well as for regulating our import trade.

By lodging bargaining as well as retaliatory power in the President an approach to scientific tariff making is made possible. It isn't necessary or advisable, to deal with all foreign countries on the same basis. The aim of a tariff is to strengthen the country economically, and that end may be attained by opening doors as well as by closing them.

The United States has reached a point in its industrial and financial growth at which exclusion cannot safely be practiced all along the line. McKinley said in 1901 that the era of exclusion was past. We need a tariff adjusted with delicate precision, capable of variation to meet unlike conditions in foreign trade and calculated to foster our exchanges with foreign countries as well as our domestic production. Here, at least, is a proper foundation to build on. Rates are matters chiefly of precedent, habit and accident. They are rough compromises between interested judgments. But any error in them may be sufficiently corrected if an opportunity for skillful bargaining and temporary modification is allowed to the executive department, which can advance or reduce rates on expert advice and thus draw from a protective tariff its maximum of economic advantage.

The Bombing Tests

The results of the bombing tests, which ended with the sinking of the Ostfriesland, may now be summarized and appraised.

The Iowa experiment showed that a small naval air force of twenty-seven planes and two army "blimps" could locate an enemy ship within a sea area of 20,000 square miles off the coast in two hours, and that hits could be made on a moving target seemingly as easily as on a stationary object.

Next the sinking of a submarine, a destroyer and a cruiser with an armor belt of 2½-inch steel showed that the unarmored elements of a fleet—its protective screen and its supply ships—are at the mercy of the enemy air forces if the latter command the air.

This means, in turn, that a battleship force bereft of its protecting screen of light cruisers and destroyers is at the mercy of submarines, while the loss of its supply train renders it impotent for war overseas. In other words, a fleet which does not command the air above itself is lost if it is subjected to attack by an enemy air force. And under these conditions the use of submarines by the enemy contributes to the helplessness of a battleship force.

Moreover, it is shown by the sinking of all these ships, including the heavily armored Ostfriesland, that the airplane with bombs alone can attack surface ships in their two most unprotected points—the ship's upper deck and its underwater hull below the armor belt. The hits on deck will destroy her fire control and upper works and kill or threaten a large part of her personnel. If the bomb strikes the water reasonably close and explodes after it has sunk ten or fifteen feet it may open the seams of the thin plates below the armor belt. This latter attack sank the Ostfriesland. She was actually sunk by bombs that did not hit; it was virtually a mine or torpedo effect that sent her to the bottom. Thus the bomb combines mortar fire with torpedo fire. It is a most deadly weapon. The truth was never fully realized until the Ostfriesland was sent to the bottom in twenty minutes by six 2,000-pound bombs, not one of which actually hit the ship. From a naval viewpoint this is an appalling fact.

It is true that in these tests the target could not fight back. But it is the merest sophistry to urge this argument against the airplane, which can use its weapons at a height or at a distance which would not subject the plane to dangerous or effective fire. A barrage of mines may be laid around a fleet. But torpedoes may be fired from a point such that they cannot pass through a large fleet without hitting some ship in the formation.

We have suffered much already from a naval conservatism which has muddled our naval policy. There is but one permissible conclusion—that a navy that commands the sea in the future must be supreme on three planes, not on one. Sea power hereafter will be dependent upon air power and submarine power. A surface navy alone is useless. A three-plane navy is absolutely necessary. The money available for a navy must be wisely distributed on the three planes—the surface, above the surface and below the surface of the sea.

The Greek Advance in Anatolia

The Greek army in Asia Minor has now reached the positions it held last spring when it was routed by the Turkish counter offensive. The Greeks have taken Eskishehr, as well as Afiun Karahissar, and control all the main line of the Constantinople-Bagdad railroad lying between these two important centers.

The Turks have retreated, fighting only rear-guard actions, as they did last spring. Mustapha Kemal is in better shape now than he was four months ago, for he has drawn many Nationalist troops west from Armenia and Cilicia. The question is whether he will try to start a second counter offensive at this juncture or will retire further east of the main railroad line before making an attack.

Two military experts in Constantinople gave their opinions on the Anatolia situation a few weeks before Tino's present campaign started. One of them said: "It is possible for the Greeks to reach the main line of the Anatolian railroad, as they did last April. [This judgment has been confirmed.] But they cannot get beyond it."

The other said: "The Turks will be invincible if they stick to the defensive. But if they attack in their turn they will make little progress either toward Constantinople or toward Smyrna. I foresee prolonged operations."

The Turks showed little skill on the offense in the World War, except at its very beginning, when an ably conceived invasion of the Russian Caucasus under Enver Pasha come near succeeding. Mustapha Kemal fought at Gallipoli. He is more familiar with the defensive, or the offensive-defensive. His pursuit of Constantine's defeated army last April was very badly managed.

Greece had a well trained and well organized army at the close of the World War. It is much better supplied with artillery, bombs and airplanes than the Nationalist Turk army is. What it can do in the extremely difficult country east of the Constantinople-Bagdad railroad remains to be seen. Kemal, however, seems to be depending on his own military resources. There is no indication as yet that Lenine has sent any Soviet divisions to the Anatolian front.

Few Churchless Christians

Notwithstanding There Is Religion Outside of the Churches

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: None may dispute your statement in Sunday's editorial headed "Religious News" that "there is probably more religion outside of the churches than in them, because the membership of churches is restricted, while the membership of humanity is restricted only by the number of human beings. Not all human beings are religious, but a large majority are." The term "religion" is so broad as to include those whose religion is of the "ain't-nature-wonderful" variety, as well as the most sincere follower of Jesus Christ.

But the religious press you speak of is, I assume, the press of the Christian churches, and a casual reader of your editorial would conclude that the statement quoted above refers solely to Christian religion. At any rate, it would seem to the writer that utterances of this nature with regard to the Christian churches have been all too frequent, and should be challenged.

Would it not be quite as ridiculous to say that there is more pure Americanism among those who have never sufficiently admired American institutions to swear allegiance to our flag than there is among the great body of American citizens?

It seems to the writer that many critics of the churches confuse philanthropy with Christianity. Philanthropy is included in Christianity, but Christianity is not per se included in philanthropy. The agnostic may be the most charitable of men, but a genuine Christian cannot be uncharitable.

Jesus said: "Whosoever confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father in Heaven." The Christian churches are composed of those whose faith has led them to "confess before men" Jesus as Lord and Master. Surely there are few who love Jesus Christ who would thus refuse to swear allegiance to Him.

If it be true that all citizens are not true Americans, but all true Americans are citizens, it is equally true that while all church members may not be Christians there are few Christians who are not church members.

W. DE L. R.

New York, July 20, 1921.

Hides on the Free List

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: While I agree with you that raw materials should be on the free list whenever possible and that a duty on hides would not help the farmer, I believe you are wrong in your conclusion regarding such a duty.

When the Payne-Aldrich tariff put hides on the free list the price of leather did not go down; on the contrary it went higher. The result was that the government has since lost an income of $3,000,000 annually, which amount has gone into the pockets of those in control of the market. This was foreseen by those with a knowledge of the actual effects of a protective tariff.

Regarding your argument about the debt owing us by foreign governments, that is no reason to let down our barriers. That would be equivalent to giving them the money to pay off what they owe us—our tariff should be high enough to protect our labor at a fair living wage, not the high rates still prevailing. Japan has made serious inroads on at least six of our industries.

HENRY W. STRUSS.

New York, July 20, 1921.

Amendments and Pocketbooks

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Oscar Jeffery in to-day's Tribune is strong for the Eighteenth Amendment on economic grounds. "Every business man," he declares, "will approve any policy of the government that will direct the people's money from that which does them no good."

But why not widen this most economic amendment so that not a single sinful dime may roll anywhere except into the shopkeeper's till? A constitutional amendment against burlesque shows, billiard rooms, boxing matches, professional ball games, joy rides, dancing emporiums, would rescue many an otherwise truant dime.

It might be possible to carry the modern system of government by constitutional amendment so far as to provide an official to receive every man's weekly dole on Saturday might and allot every dime and nickel of it in such a way as to advance the wan and worried and wild-eyed worker's best interests.

FLEMING JENKINS.

New York, July 17, 1921.

The Conning Tower

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

(The original song)

Frankie and Johnny were lovers.
O Lordy! how they could love;
Swore to be true to each other,
Just as true as the stars above.

He was her man,
But he done her wrong.

Johnny went down to the corner
To get him a cool glass of beer,
Frankie went down in an hour or so,
And said: "Has Johnny been here?"

"He was my man,
But he done me wrong."

The bartender said to Frankie:
"I ain't goin' to tell you no lie,
Johnny was here just an hour ago,
With a woman called Nellie Blye."

"He was your man,
But he done you wrong."

Frankie went back to the corner,
This time it wasn't for fun,
Sewed in her yellow kimono
Was a blue-barreled .44 gun.

To shoot her man,
Who done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the hop-joint
Looked in the windows so high;
There she saw Johnny in the bright light
A lovin' up Nellie Blye.

He was her man,
But he done her wrong.

Johnny ran down the back staircase,
Shouting: "Honey, for Gawd's sake don't shoot."
But Frankie cut loose with her .44 gun
And the gun went root-a-toot-toot.

She shot her man
Who done her wrong.

"Turn me over gently,
Turn me over slow,
Turn me over on my right side,
So the bullet won't hurt me so.'

"I was your man,
But I done you wrong."

"Bring out your rubber-tired hearses
Bring out your rubber-tired hacks;
Take poor Johnny to the graveyard
And never bring him back."

"He was my man,
But he done me wrong."

The Sheriff took poor Frankie
Just at the break of day,
Locked her up in a dungeon
And took the keys away.

She shot her man,
Who done her wrong.

Frankie said to the jury,
"What'll the verdict be?"
Jury said to Frankie,
"Why, it's murder in the first degree."

"You shot your man,
Though he done you wrong."
Frankie said to the warden,
"What are they goin' to do?"
The warden said to Frankie,
"It's the electric chair for you."

"You shot your man,
Who done you wrong."

They put poor Frankie in the 'lectric chair
And turned the current on;
Ten thousand volts shot through her frame
And to hell they both have gone.

She and her man,
Who done her wrong.

The preceding version is a distillation of the many versions sent in; and as we recall those perfect chanters Mr. Robert Wildhack and Mr. Fontaine Fox singing the song.

"When Two Strong Men Stand Face to Face"

[From the golf pairings]
10:55 A. M.—James West.
2:55 P. M.—J. Victor East.

Judge Friend—is this, we wonder, the same Hugo Friend that sprinted, years ago, on the South Division High School track team? — barred Bill Burns's testimony three times; and then admitted it. This is giving testimony its base on balls.

Cicotte and Gandil, Cicotte and Gandil—
Those are the boys in the thick of the scandal.

Bill Burns hasn't said anything about Joe Jackson yet, so perhaps it wasn't true, Joe, after all.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPYS

July 21—Lay long, and through a great rainstorm to the office in my petrol-waggon, and there till near four. Thence to see Mistress Julia, more shining than ever I saw her, and she tells me of the merry time she had in Europe; and so to Mistress Lola's, and talked of this and that, and thence to Mistress Alice Miller's for dinner, and Miss Signe Toksvig there that I like in no small degree, and much talk of literature, and L. Hand there and sang a song, very good, too.

22—Early up, and cooked my breakfast, Stella being ill. So to the office all day, and to J. Toohey's for dinner.

If the President joins the camping party whose other members are Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison, we beg him, in the name of the Gopher Prairie Rotary Club, not to touch on literary topics.

Phone Girl Asks $20,000,000.—Sun headline.

The Girard estate says she has the wrong number.

"It merely sees," said Mr. Joseph Levenson, of the newly-appointed m. p. censorship board, "that the pictures do not injure the morals of the community." The morals of the community have been so protected, cloistered, mollycoddled and cotton-woolled that it seems to us they must be pretty soft and vulnerable now. Expose 'em, say we. Strengthen them.

Also:
It makes no difference if they're underground,
I wish they'd stop kicking my morals around.

F. P. A.

THAT'S WHAT COMES OF TRYING TO MAKE A SAILOR OUT OF HIM BY PUTTING ON ONE OF THOSE IMITATION SAILOR SUITS

Books

By Heywood Broun

Old Fighting Days (Knopf), by E. R. Punshon (not a bad name, by the way, for a fistic chronicler), records a particular bit of ring tactics which never fails to find its way into fictionized fighting. Ned Winter was much larger than Harry Holme, our hero, and by far more powerful. Naturally, Ned Winter was defeated in the fight at Moulsey Hurst. Harry had the traditional maneuver of all frail ring heroes of fiction at his command. "Bellowing with rage, the angry giant rushed forward, his huge arms like flails, and before that devastating charge Harry stepped quietly aside and struck twice like a flash, and with such good aim and effect that Ned Winter fell heavily forward, sprawling prone on the ground with a crash like that of a falling tree."

The thing has been done again and again in hundreds of books and it never fails to work, and yet it has been our misfortune to fail to see this particular strategy occur in the ring. All the big men we have seen have allowed the little men to do the rushing. Novelists must be little men for the most part, so strong is their prejudice against solid flesh. Even George Bernard Shaw could not avoid the fictional point of view in writing about the fight between Carpentier and Dempsey, and declared that the Frenchman would be handicapped by the possession of so much as a single pound over and above his one hundred and seventy two. The fallacy lies in the assumption that big men are of necessity slower than little men. Most of the descriptive writers were swayed by this error in describing the Jersey City match, and gave the impression that Dempsey's winning equipment consisted solely of weight and of power. Now, as a matter of fact, Dempsey is one of the fastest heavyweights the ring has known, and in some phases of fighting has as much speed at his command as the French flash himself.

Old Fighting Days is a conventional yarn throughout. Some of the bouts are lively, but the attendant plot of missing papers and mysterious heirs is dull stuff.

In his Modern American Poetry (Harcourt-Brace) Louis Untermeyer traces the period of renascence, the date of which he sets at 1913, and writes: "People who never before had read verse turned to it and found they could not only read but relish it. They discovered that for the enjoyment of poetry it was not necessary to have at their elbows a dictionary of rare words and classical references; they no longer were required to be acquainted with Latin legendry and the minor love affairs of the major Greek divinities. Life was their glossary, not literature. The new product spoke to them in their own language." Much of this boast is made good in the collection which Untermeyer includes in his anthology. He writes truly of Carl Sandburg: "Smoke-belching chimneys are here, quarries and great boulders of iron-ribbed rock; here are titanic visions: the dreams of men and machinery."

So far so good, but we shall remain a little skeptical of the close relationship between poetry and visions and dreams of everyday mankind until there has been added to Markham's "Man With the Hoe" some adequate verse presentation of "The Man With the Fifty-four Ounce Bat." It seems to us that Walt Whitman lived before his time. He could have written a gorgeous poem about Babe Ruth, and we think he would have done so. "It was the longest hit ever seen on the grounds." Surely something of the sweep of these mighty flights across the fences belongs in our poetry. How many home runs does a man have to hit anyway before the poets hear about it?

"You say the discussion of children's books must cease," writes S. C. M., "but please let an unknown voice her relief upon reading your opinion this morning. In all the discussion I have looked in vain for an opinion which approximated my own—and this morning you hit it exactly.

"My chief occupation between the ages of ten and twenty was reading. My father had a small, well selected library, and I had the run of a small public library. Since the age of twenty I have had many duties, and for the last fifteen years have been able to read a book clear through only now and then. Often, for consolation, I pick up an old favorite, and read it maybe half through—and once in a while by an effort I read a new book.

"Pray, tell me, what would my literary taste or knowledge be if, at ten, I had been reading the Five Little Peppers and How They Grew? I don't remember just what I was reading at ten, but I do remember distinctly that at thirteen I was reading Les Miserables. As you say, a lot of it went past me, but it was so fascinating that I read it in less than a week. I have read it twice since then, once about a year ago—but in the hurly-burly of my present life I should not have had the fortitude to begin it had I not keen recollections of the pleasure it gave me years ago. I, too, have exciting memories of Hypatia.

"On second thought, I think that at ten I was reading Hans Christian Andersen, Arabian Nights Tales, The Count of Monte Cristo—and, unless I am mistaken, I read the bulk of Dickens's novels around that age. Also Tom Brown at Rugby, John Halifax, Gentleman, Little Women and all the Alcott books. I did not read Alice in Wonderland, Huckleberry Finn and a lot of the other books until I was grown, and I am inclined to think they are children's books for grown people—children are too serious to enjoy humor or satire to its fullest extent.

"I never read Grimm's Fairy Tales nor the Five Little Peppers, except under compulsion—and it is my opinion that any child who willingly reads them will never have a literary taste.

"When I started I had it in mind to say this: I am considered a well-read woman by those with whom I associate, and I know that I am well enough read that when I read now I understand and enjoy the many references and allusions to literary subjects, yet the greater part of my reading was done while I was under twenty. What an illiterate person I would be had I spent my time on books written expressly for children and 'young people'!"

"It is my desire," writes W. H. P., "to inaugurate, if possible with your coöperation, a movement for the publication of special editions on all books designed to be read aloud, in which the verb 'said,' or its Mollie-hallowellabbottian substitute, shall be placed before the remark it is intended to describe.

"For instance, the reader, whether a husband, a 'trained nurse' or one-who-is-doing-a-kind-deed, reads in a calm, monotonous sing-song: '"I cannot bear it! I shall end it all!" she fairly screamed,' or with loud, cold emphasis, '"I might learn to love you," she coyly and hesitatingly whispered,' or like one at breakfast desiring a hard boiled egg, '"Give me that gun, damn you!" he thundered,' or with solemn unction, '"Ain't he the handsome guy!" she giggled,' or like a man expressing his opinion of his wife's relations, '"You are the only woman I have ever loved," he yearned, passionately,' and so on, and so on. Now, if in the for-reading-aloud books the 'screamed, yearned, giggled,' etc. came first, in caps and underlined, being read aloud to might cease to be the awful bore it is."

Does Scranton Lose Sleep?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A story in The Tribune speaks of "Thirty-three Coal Mines Operated Inside Scranton." As Ben King said in his verse "Mebbe so. I dun know," though perhaps I ought to, as I have been brought up hearing coal falls all my life—which is not a small number of years. My paternal grandfather put the first shaft down in the coal mines of the United States. I am wondering if the writer hasn't counted in the mines that are round about Scranton—say from Carbondale to Wilkes-Barre.

"To the casual visitor," says The Tribune article, "it may seem alarming to realize that underneath the streets of the city there is a labyrinth of shafts and tunnels forming an underground city," etc. But "on the other hand, going to work would seem to be simple. Instead of a nerve-wracking, energy-consuming subway trip or a jostling, jerky trolley ride, the worker in Scranton can sleep peacefully above ground, eat a refreshing breakfast and then drop down a few hundred feet to join his colleagues in reducing still further the remaining foundation of the city." He has "said it." That is the story—the remaining foundation of the city—which in spots is nothing to speak of.

"The Scranton worker, or resident, can sleep peacefully above ground." And what has all this litigation of the last three years been about but that Scranton people have been suing for protection of their homes and property and lives."

One of the earliest stories of the mines that I knew was when my father was a lad the bottom dropped out of the cellar of the house where he lived and the family lost all their winter vegetables. People in Scranton have lost much more than their winter apples and potatoes. They have lost a lot of sleep and will continue to lose it until conditions are changed.

ANNA NUGENT ATWATER LAW.

Pittston, Pa., July 18, 1921

A Microscopic Sentiment

(From The Topeka Capital)

Arriving home, Dr. Einstein reports America anti-German and England pro-German. But the pro-Germanism of England would be difficult for anybody to discover who is not an expert in relativity.

The Point of View

(From The Baltimore Sun)

It will help some if you will reflect that Japan doubtless thinks of it as the white peril.